GLORY to the HIGHEST;

A

THANKSGIVING

POEM.

On the Late VICTORY at

DETTINGEN.

To which is ſubjoin'd a Sacred HYMN, on the ſame Occaſion, both done Extempore.

By *E*—— *Boyd.*

Inſulting ROME *take Heed, nor Vaunt thyſelf*
E'er yet thou knoweſt a Wherefore, ———
———*Our* CÆSAR *Sleeps not.*———
The juſt Almighty, owns our rightful Cauſe,
To him be laſting Praiſe, eternal Glory,
Aiding by him, —— *we'll Catch* ——
—— *Each ſwift Occaſion as it Flies.*
On one Succeſs, another ſtill ſhall Riſe.
The two laſt Lines from *Phillip's Briton.*

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A THANKSGIVING POEM.

VICTORIOUS Heroe's, learned Bard's Excite,
To Sing in Lofty Strain's a Glorious Fight;
For me Untaught, Unletter'd, Plain and Rude,
A Female Pen, amid a Multitude,
Let the well-meaning Muſe, in pious Verſe
Their Noble Acts, in Praiſe to God Rehearſe,
All Glory to the Higheſt ardent Sing
Glory to God, and Honour to the King.

PROSPER Dread Prince, Succeſs attend thy Arm's,
Secure thy Perſon, Maugre loud Alarms!
Amid the Clang of War, vaſt Numbers Fail,
Where the few Brave, by Noble Arts prevail,
The Omnipotent alone, can Save or Kill,
Be we ſubmiſſive, to his Mighty Will,

In

In suppl'ant Sort, thy Maker's Aid Implore,
So shall thy Conquest's reach the farther Shore,
Supreme Command, to God return the Praise,
Of Battle desolate, or peaceful Days.

THE Bleeding Captive, Generous still Relieve,
So shall he bless Thee, tho' his Wounds he Grieve,
Fix a Thanksgiving, Laud JEHOVA's Name,
The God of Victory, the God of Fame,
To Quell the *Atheist* World, the Good, the Brave,
Who know to Conquer, or who know to Save,
To the Almighty, ceaseless Praises Sing,
Nor wrong the Triumph's, of a Godlike King,
To great *Augustus*, reverend bow the Knee,
And pray for Sovereigns, Sage, and bold as He.

CUMBERLAND Hail; whose Princely Merits Blaze,
Thro' Blood and Wounds, to his undying Praise,
Hail blooming Warrior, Offspring of a Sire,
Whom Worlds Unborn, shall Envy, and Admire,

Like,

Like him a Soldier Good, Heaven's Darling Care,
May'ſt thou his Virtues, and his Conduct Heir,
Or if like CLAYTON, thou moſt Glorious Fall,
Thy Country's Victim, wait reſign'd thy Call,
Remember that to Dye, is but a Breath,
That to Dye Glorious, is to Conquer Death.

SO HONYWOOD, ſo CAMBELL, bravely Fell,
They Groand, and Slept, in radiant Orbs to Dwell,
Woom few could Equal, any ſcarce Excell,
Triumphant Saints, whoſe Conqueſt's never Dye;
Whoſe *Hallelujah*'s, pierce the upper Skies,
Seraphic Genii Guardians of the Juſt,
Smile on our Arms, Implore the ever Bleſt,
Our Cauſe to Aid, ſo ſhall the rigid Foe,
To Peace Enforç'd, ceaſe Wars to direful Woe.

THE

THE Village deſolate, no more ſhall Blaze'
Nor Dying Shrick's, our manly Souls Amaze.
The Infant Orphan, ſhall no more Lament,
Nor Widow'd Relicts, Dye, of Diſcontent,
But each true Heart, under his Native Palm,
Joyous rehearſe, ſome ſolemn Song, or Pſalm,
His Dangers paſt, in pleaſing ſort Relate,
And Laud the God, that Guarded him from Fate.

THE Gallant Merchant now ſhall live at Eaſe,
And SPANISH Privateers, quit BRITISH Seas,
The Farmer now, ſhall Crop the Yellow Grain,
And every Voice, bleſs *BRUNSWICK*'s Glorious Reign,
Whoſe Royal Progeny, till Times's no More,
Shall bliſsful govern, ALBIONS happy Shore,
Whilſt honeſt BRITONS, univerſal Sing,
Glory to GOD, and Honour to the KING.

A SACRED HYMN to the VICTORY.

By the ſame HAND.

I.

VICTORIOUS Generals, Laud the Lord,
The Sacred Lord of Might.
The God who ſits enthron'd on High,
In Orbs Seraphic, Bright.
Hal, Hal, Hal, Halelujah, Hallelujah.

II.

ALL Glory be to God on High,
Let BRITAIN'S Monarch Sing,
Glory to God, his Subjects Chaunt,
And Honour to the King.
Hal, Hal, &c.

III.

THY God implore, meer Mortal Man,
Thy Cauſe to Juſtify,
Inferior Number's, then ſhall win,
Immortal Victory. *Hal, Hal,* &c.

IV.

NOR FFANCE, nor SPAIN, can give us
Dread,
Nor Legions faſt, in League,
On the Almighty's Name, we Call,
Who ſpoils, their deep Intrigue.
Hal, Hal, &c.

V.

BROGLIO, and NOAILLES, may unite,
And eager follow Slaughter,
We've yet a SMAIR'S and CARTERET,
Who look for a Hereafter.
Hal, Hal, &c.

VI.

GREAT-BRITAIN's King, in full Array,
Once more ſhall Face the Foe,
And aiding by the High Supreme,
Ceaſe Wars inteſtine Woe.
Hall. Hall., &c.

VII.

THO' HONYWOOD, and CLAYTON Fell,
And many Chief's, Beſide,
In Paradice they ſtill Excell,
No Glory here deny'd.
Hal, Hal, &c,

VIII.

VIII.

IN Letter'd Gold, or Marble Buſt,
To endleſs Time enduring
They ſhall on Record with the Juſt,
Be endleſs Fame enſuing.
Hal, Hal, &c.

IX.

THE Bleeding Captive, well we Uſe,
On our great Lord, Relying,
Should FRANCE, then the Allies Abuſe,
And purchaſe Peace by Dying.
Hal, Hal, &c.

X.

THO' SPAIN and FRANCE, in one ſhould Blend,
The Sacred Three will Guard us,
Victorious then, will be our End,
Our God will ſtill Reward us.
Hal, Hal, &c.

XI.

ALL Glory to the Three, in One,
Who'll peacefully unite us,
And When our Work on Earth is Done,
In bleſt Abodes delight us. *Hal, Hal,* &c.

FINIS.